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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

I tremble like a leaf;
I have no mind for any word you say:
My son is dead and I am going blind.

H. M.

At the Shrine, by George Herbert Clarke. Stewart & Kidd Co.

Three or four poems in this book—*Last Desire*, *Chess Player*, *The Mother*, *Tryst*—almost persuade one that Mr. Clarke might be a poet if he could forget all the poetry he ever read. But usubey he is saying *O thou* in conventional measures, and rattling a bag of rhymes in which he reveals no more music. If only he could be less agile he might move more gracefully and get nearer his goal.

Remember Louvain, a Little Book of Liberty and War, selected by E. V. Lucas. Methuen & Co., Ltd., London.

This brief anthology of war poems is misnamed in that it consists mostly of well-known classics, among which are poems of four Americans—Whitman, Whittier, Longfellow and Mrs. Howe. The living poets in its rather short list are Messrs. Newbolt, Noyes, Conan Doyle and Kipling, but nothing from these is so stirring as Henley's *England, my England*, or certain older and more familiar songs.

The Gypsy Trail, an Anthology for Campers, compiled by Pauline Goldmark and Mary Hopkins. Kennerley.

This volume, conveniently small for camping purposes, seems the result of wide reading, a free open-air spirit, and good taste, on the part of its editors. It ranges from the

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Book of Job to Fiona Macleod, from Lucretius to Bliss Carman, and few lovers of the open road would object to many of the entries.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Miss Amy Lowell had an interesting review of Mr. Robert Frost's *North of Boston* in a recent number of *The New Republic*. This new weekly, by the way, gives promise of competent criticism of art and letters, and the fact that it has, in one or two instances, followed some of POETRY'S "leads" is not a little gratifying.

Miss Lowell's review is valuable because it gives one poet's personal impression of another. But Miss Lowell is not herself a realist, and perhaps that is why she seems to have missed the essential quality of Mr. Frost's work. The exception taken to the following paragraph is not a mere quibble. This comparison of art and photography is a commonplace so unsound and false that it should be relegated to the ash heap:

I have said that Mr. Frost's work is almost photographic. The qualification was unnecessary, it is photographic. The pictures, the characters, are reproduced directly from life, they are burnt into his mind as though it were a sensitive plate. He gives out what has been put in, unchanged by any personal process. His imagination is bounded by what he has seen, he is confined within the limits of his experience or at least what might have been his experience, and bent all one way like the wind-blown trees of New England hillsides.